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A PECULIARLY PITHY AND PLEASANT PAPER 'PON PARASOLS.

Darwin, in one of those wild, pseudo-metaphysical flights in which he occasionally indulged, attempted to prove that man was originally an oyster, and that his arms and legs, leaving his brain out of the question, were merely excrescences of a future growth. Now, without wishing to deteriorate the value of such speculations as tend to throw light upon the cosmogony of our ante-diluvian existence, we beg to announce, that we have long entertained a theory of our own upon the subject, to the effect that mankind were originally neither more nor less than *mushrooms*, and that continual struggles to attain the power of locomotion, at last endowed us with the mechanism of legs, arms, and fingers; the latter emanating from the stalk, and the thick knob at the summit expanding into the human head. Now, this being granted, we contend, as a kind of *sequitur*, that Providence, amongst its other wise dispensations, sent us umbrellas and parasols to continually remind us of our humble origin; and thus an every-day moral monitor is continually kept before our eyes,—both showers and sunshine combining to render them general amongst all civilized communities. This being the case, it follows that both must be deserving of every attention, and though in this paper we intend solely to confine ourselves to an examination of the moral monitors of the ladies, we recommend both to mature consideration, at the same time that we feel surprised no one has ever deemed it worth while to anticipate our researches. And this brings us to the subject of our article. If Swift screwed an essay out of a broomstick, the deuce is in it, if we can't find matter enough from a parasol. Why, the thing itself is interwoven with literary associations. Look at a gingham parasol! Is not gingham, cotton? and do we not get rags from cotton, and paper from rags? was that recent investigation in our *Journal*, of the manufacture of paper, penned in vain? are not rags indissolubly and necessarily linked with literature, and may not that be the reason why poverty and authorship are so closely allied? But this savours somewhat of a digression. *Revenons a nos moutons*, —and now for the parasols.

Parasols may be divided into two classes, cotton and silk, and these may be further subdivided into plain, striped, figured, fringed, bordered, and coloured. The ladies—heaven bless them!—use these indiscriminately, some assuming a partiality for the one, and others exhibiting a propensity for the others. Cotton parasols may be considered as the exclusive property of the humble order of maid-servants and "others of that ilk," and are generally taken out for a walk towards the close of a Sabbath afternoon, when "Mary" or "Betty" has her "Sunday out." Then it is that the cotton parasol ornaments the curved palm of the dexter hand, whilst the sinister arm, linked in the stout triangle formed by Robert the

footman's elbow, *crunches* up the folds of a white pocket-handkerchief at the extremity, in the recesses of a faded pinky-white silk glove. Then it is that the parasol does double duty in shielding the scorching rays of *Phœbus* from her face, and hiding the blushes that suffuse her countenance as Robert verges upon the delicate point of "popping the question." The little innocent coquetry, of which this useful instrument is the medium, would itself form the subject of a series of articles, were we to enlarge upon what may be termed "the philosophy of parasols," treated as voluminously as the subject appears to us to deserve. Many a fond parting pledge of affection do they shield from the gaze of coarse observers; many a time have they been found serviceable in concealing the face from an unwelcome suitor. We have heard indeed of closed parasols having been exerted as instruments of offence and defence, but we stoutly repel the vile insinuation as a gratuitous libel on their feminine possessors, and calculated only to divert them from their proper uses and bring the parasol into disrepute.

When parasols first came into fashion is an inquiry that seems to have escaped all miners in antiquarian research. We have not the honour yet of having the mystic initials of F.S.A. tacked to our name, but as we wish to deserve the distinction, we beg to declare that having waded through the hundred and five volumes of the "Gentleman's Magazine," we are enabled to come to a conclusion that parasols came into use upon the decline and fall of fans. Those expanding shields of female simperings having been banished from the boudoir and exiled from the promenade, the fair simperers were at a loss for a substitute, when, in a happy moment, parasols were thought of as an efficient succedaneum, and since then they have almost universally superseded their more insignificant precursors. Great must have been the excitement which this revolution produced in the world of female fashion and influence! Talk not to us of the glories of Bonaparte or Wellington—what are their exploits compared with those of the woman who hoisted the first parasol in the streets of London? What could our chroniclers have been about that the name of this heroic creature has not been handed down to posterity, to receive the reward of her intrepidity in the thanks of a grateful nation? But so it is, the discoverer of the mariner's compass is unknown, and the name of the first parasol-upholder is unrecorded!

There are some young ladies (to their benefit be it spoken) who seem to entertain a notion that parasols were exclusively formed for the purpose of annoying the male portion of creation. In pursuance of this peculiar idiosyncracy they go about shouldering their parasols with an apparent *malice prepense* directing the *radii* of their burthen against the visual organs of such unlucky passengers as may happen to pass within their reach. Occasionally, indeed, their malific propensity is satisfied by the disarrangement of a gentleman's cravat, or the displacing of his best beaver. When this is the case we look upon the young ladies as of a rather more amiable tendency, and they have our thanks accordingly. Man should be grateful not only for favours received but for injuries kindly uninflicted.

There are two objects in creation to which our admiration has never been conceded. One is a great woman with a small parasol, the other is a little woman with a great one. The first recalls to our imagination the image of a mushroom growing upon a mighty mountain; the second suggests the comparison of a huge extinguisher deposited upon the slender wick of a rushlight. We are not prone to severity in our family arrangements, nor is the milk of human kindness quite exhausted in our breast, but we do nevertheless most heartily wish that such anomalies were banished from all civilized communities. To many a happy matrimonial union has the casual dropping of a lady's parasol, picked up by a gallant cavalier, conduced. Far be it from us to say that sometimes this tasty appendage has been suffered to fall from the enchainment of a fair hand designedly, but, to say the least, the precise moment of its departure is often marked by a coincidence the most extraordinary.

And now, gentle peruser, we are verging towards the end of our brief essay. Let us hope that it has beguiled thee of an idle moment, and in the hope thereof do we meet with our reward. We give thee full credit for glancing at the beaming eyes, roseate cheeks, vermeil lips, and chesnut locks that one is apt to encounter in our walks, but for the future, reader,—a word in your ear,—if you would divine the character of any beauteous being you come in contact with on your path, glance a little higher and forget not "THE PARASOL."

Apparel—A man ought in his clothes to conform something to those that he converses with, to the custom of the nation, and the fashion that is decent and general, to the occasion, and his own condition; for that is best that best suits with one's calling, and the rank we live in. And seeing all men are not Œdipuses to read the riddle of another man's inside, and most men judge by appearances, it behoves a man to barter for a good esteem, even from his clothes and outside. We guess the goodness of the pasture by the mantle we see it wears.—*Feltham.*

EMILY LOUISA HERBERT.

A TALE.—BY G. E. S.

[Concluded from our last.]

Henry was one day—not long after—seated at his desk, when a note, requesting him to call at a certain house in Lincoln's Inn, on particular business, as early as convenient, was laid upon the counter. There was nothing very alarming in the manner or matter of the writer; but the cramped hand and formal diction of an attorney could not be mistaken; and Henry apprehensively turned over the alphabetical index of his creditors from A to Z, in order to fix upon a clue to the business on which he was summoned; and as he hurriedly stepped along the crowded thoroughfare in which his shop was situated, he settled in his mind the cause and the consequences of the unwelcome call.

But if Henry hurried to Lincoln's Inn, his steps thither were slow compared with his progress back.

"Did you ever know a person of the name of Joseph K——, my dear?" he asked, as he threw himself, rather than stepped, into his parlour.

"No, Henry—not that I recollect—but yes, I think I have heard that that was the name of my godfather. But why? and what is the matter, Henry?"

"Why, I will say, then, that godfathers are capital good things; and I have never till now found out the use of them."

"Dear Henry, what do you mean?"

"Mean—you may well ask—why, your godfather is dead, and has left you three thousand pounds."

Emily looked hard at her husband—not that she disbelieved him, but she thought she had not understood him; his looks, however, were not to be mistaken. Her child was asleep in her arms, and as she bent her face over it, the large tear drops fell fast upon *its* face, and woke it. "Poor lit le George," she said—

Her husband understood her, for he replied, "Yes—we shall be able to afford it now."

How many plans were talked over that evening, before the happy pair left their little sitting room—how eagerly were canvassed the peculiar advantages of Hampstead Heath, and Highgate Hill, and Blackheath, and Tottenham, as being all within the limits of an hour's ride from the shop, and combining the country air with a desirable proximity to business—or how the imagination took a wider stretch to Gravesend, or Barnet, or Bromley, or Enfield, or half-a-dozen other places, more remote from the impurities of a Metropolitan atmosphere—it is unnecessary to decide. But for the first time, for many years, their hearts beat lightly with renewed hope, and their rest was unbroken by gloomy apprehensions for the future.

Another month, and the will was proved, and the legacy handed over to Henry in right of his wife. Another day, and the debts that had pressed heavily upon him were discharged, and his scanty stock replenished.

"And to-mo row, dearest Emily, we will go and look at that cottage that was advertised to be let, at Highgate."

To-morrow! "Take no thought for the morrow, for ye know not what a day or an hour may bring forth." So spake one, who knew well on what an uncertain tenure all earthly enjoyments are held—on what a slight foundation all earthly plans are built.

The morrow's post brought a letter from B——, the first Henry had received for many months. It was full of lamentation and woe.

During the last two years, one disaster after another had befallen his unhappy father, but he had borne up against them in hope of better times, and more favourable circumstances; but one dire blow had frustrated his efforts and completed his ruin. A neighbouring bank, in which he had lodged—for temporary security—a very large sum of money, with difficulty got together, and intended for a year's rent of his farm, had stopped payment—his landlord threatened an execution—other creditors were proceeding against him—and unless two thousand pounds could be, in the mean time, procured, in less than a week he would be an inmate of the county jail—his character gone, and his family beggared.—"I don't think, Harry," continued the letter, "that you can help me, for I know you can't spare two thousand, or two hundred pounds, and it is little likely that you can get any money, for I have got no security to offer; and I don't ask or expect you to try; but if you can do anything for your mother, Harry, when I am shut up, do—there's a good boy; and forget what we have ever said about your marriage, now we are in trouble."

Henry put the letter into the hand of his wife, and hastily turned away to hide the tears that were gushing from his eyes. She glanced over the contents, and left the room.

It was half an hour before she returned. Her husband was leaning on the mantel shelf, his face hidden by his hands.

"Henry—you will go down to your father?"

"To what purpose, Emily?" he asked, without altering his position.

"Oh, Henry dear, how can you ask me that, when you know you can help your father out of his trouble?"

Henry turned round to his wife. She had

been weeping, for her eyes were red, and still full of tears; but her voice was calm, and a smile played upon her lips—Henry thought she had never looked so lovely before.

"But, dearest Emily, the money is yours—not mine."

"Then give it to your father for me."

"But—our little boy—and Highgate."

"God's will be done, Henry—pray—pray don't say another word about it. Perhaps they will let me go down to B—— now and then. I think if they will but try me, they won't find me so very—very troublesome; and I will try and please them. Now, Henry, go and get the money, and take your place by the coach, and I'll put up your things while you are gone."

Henry could not speak—he felt that, much as he had loved his wife, he had never known her value till now.

There was unusual bustle and confusion in old Herbert's farm; and the neighbours were not slow in interpreting the signs of approaching desolation that they observed. Two shabby-looking men had been noticed in the morning, to enter the house without the previous ceremony of knocking at the door, and the grey-headed old farmer was afterwards seen, in visible distress of mind, to walk with them through the homestead, and to put the keys of the stable and barn into their hands. Later in the day than this, the old woman who took Mrs. Herbert's weekly cargo of butter to the market, on going to the house on her usual errand, found the dairy in confusion—the cream untouched, and the poor farmer's wife in tears; while her daughter Jane, and the old servant Nanny, were venting their grief in more obstreperous outcries and lamentations.

The gloomiest day, however, must have a close, and night was slowly drawing its veil over the sorrowful family, when a distant sound of wheels was heard approaching nearer and nearer, and with far greater rapidity than often aroused the attention of the secluded villagers of B—— in general, or the occupants of Nine Elms farm in particular. As the vehicle was driven furiously through the street, (so, by courtesy, called) the cottage doorways were thronged with curious faces, and the dogs, of all degrees, set up a chorus that effectually drowned the noise of the fast-retreating post-chaise—for it was no less dignified a conveyance.

"What's up now, Jack?" enquired one of the gaping mouths that were left behind, of its neighbour at the next door.

"Somebody, it's likely, going on to the Earl's at W——. I shouldn't wonder if the captain's killed—there was a talk of another battle, but I didn't hear the particulars."

"That thing bean't going to W—— to night, Jack—I'll be shot if 'tasn't turned up the lane to Nine Elms!"

"Oh—come to take old Herbert to jail then, likely enough," said Jack, who was never without a reason for all that happened around him.

Sure enough, the chaise *did* take the road to Nine Elms farm; and before the village curs had ended their bark, and their owners, their comments, it had stopped at the old weather-beaten porch, and Henry Herbert was in his mother's arms.

"You are come to see us in our trouble," sobbed the old lady.

"And to help you out of it, mother."

These were ominous words to the two bailiffs, who took care to be within ear-shot of all that passed; and they looked black accordingly.

"Father—mother—come with me into the parlour—I have something to say to you alone," said Henry, who, for the first time, noticed the ill-looking strangers.

"Our job's over, Curtis, I reckon," growled one to the other, as the parlour door closed after the retiring party.

"Father, you wrote me word that two thousand pounds would help you out of your difficulties; and here it is," said Henry, putting a bulky packet into his father's hand.

"You don't mean it, Harry? You can't mean it? Where *could* you get two thousand pounds?"

"It's not mine, father—mother, it's none of mine," answered Henry, little less agitated than his astonished parents. "It was Emily's, and—and she willingly—freely gives it you, and wishes it were twice two thousand."

Old Mr. Herbert and his wife still live at Nine Elms farm, and they are now *very* old. Their daughter Jane lives with them, and though an old maid, is a pleasant, motherly kind of a woman. She sometimes talks of a brother William she has in America; but it is evident her best affections are centred in her nephew George, a fine young fellow of five or six and twenty, who has been brought up on the farm ever since he was a lad, and is considered one of the wealthiest young bachelors in the neighbourhood, for his father and mother have for some years retired from business in London, and have bought that pretty little cottage, that attracts every traveller's admiration as he passes along the high road between B—— and the neighbouring town. People *say* that Mr. Henry Herbert is worth twenty thousand pounds; and I know that George is their only son.

METALS—THEIR COMPOUNDS AND USES.

CHAPTER I.—GOLD.

The use of metals* has been acknowledged from remote antiquity, and among all nations gold has ever been the most highly esteemed. It is the most ancient medium of exchange, being principally used as coin, although the Egyptians circulated it in rings, stamped with the declaration of a particular value, while ruder tribes passed it from hand to hand in the lump. The ore is found in beds of sandstone, in quartz, and also in the courses of rivers. Its particles in the latter are all broken and unshapely, small and irregular, and dignified with no higher name than "dust." In its stony beds it is never found in regular or complete veins, but is incrusted in grains on other substances, or spread out in thin plates between different layers. It is also found in continuous threads or branches, occupying cavities, and passing through, in the minutest filaments, from one place to another, filling up in its way the interstices of the rock through which it makes its passage.†

This valuable material is found in Spain, Russia, Hungary, and Transylvania in Europe: in the latter place the veins are comparatively of a great extent, spreading out over a large track of country. It is found also in large quantities in the interior of Africa, with which portion of the globe a trade of vast amount is carried on, though in the most wasteful and disreputable manner. The natives, in the midst of unimaginable wealth, are in the greatest want of social comforts, every tribe being jealous of each other, while the traffic is paralyzed by the monstrous iniquities of the slave trade, or the petty chaffering consequent on the sale of beads, buttons, and other trifling toys, for which a rude people have so long exchanged the first representative of wealth. In many places, however, in Morocco, for instance, which enjoys the carrying trade from Timbuctoo and other places of central Africa, the ore and dust are only exchanged for good current silver dollars, or piece goods. A traffic in the latter is greatly wanted, and would no doubt speedily be established, were it not for the distrust of the white man's presence, who so long has proved himself the enemy of the negro race—whose perfidy and violence have been such as to place him beyond the pale of confidence, even of those who have assisted him in the firing of villages and the abduction of their inhabitants.

The mines of Mexico and Peru are well known. In the history of these countries, the lustful desire of gold by the Spaniards bears a painful pre-eminence, and carries with it to this hour a malevolent influence against its searchers. Few of the gold mines have there proved successful speculations, the expense of management and working being so great. A general idea still prevails that many other mines remain to be discovered, and that heaps of the precious metal are yet to be gathered from the bosom of that wonderful soil.

So far as ancient history can inform us, the use and value of gold were first discovered by the Egyptians, who traded largely with the interior African countries, and manufactured it into many species of ornaments, as well as applied it to purposes which were not long ago supposed to be known only to our own times.

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* The natural metals, or those found in a pure state, were seven in number; by the aid, however, of chemical experiments, by which others have been extracted from various earths, they now amount to forty-three. These are—

1 Platina	16 Cobalt	30 Potassium
2 Gold	17 Tellurium	31 Sodium
3 Silver	18 Arsenic	32 Lethium
4 Palladium	19 Chromium	33 Calcium
5 Mercury	20 Molybdenum	34 Barium
6 Copper	21 Tungsten	35 Strontium
7 Iron	22 Columbium	36 Magnesium
8 Tin	23 Selenium	37 Yttrium
9 Lead	24 Osmium	38 Glucinum
10 Nickel	25 Rhodium	39 Aluminum
11 Cadmium	26 Iridium	40 Zirconium
12 Zinc	27 Uranium	41 Silicium
13 Bismuth	28 Titanium	42 Thorinum
14 Antimony	29 Cerium	43 Vanadium
15 Manganese		

As may be supposed, many of these were esteemed of little use in metallic manufactures, being principally confined to the laboratory, in which they are of considerable utility. Inventive genius, however, has applied several of these chemical metals to the manufacture of new compounds, by mixture with the more ponderous minerals. By this means a great number of artificial metals are created, and which, by their elegance or durability, give ample promise of ultimately introducing a new era in metallurgy. These we shall treat of, according to their importance, when we reach their number, the class in which each metal is placed being one recognised by all scientific operators.

†The solid rocks through which many of the metals pass in veins, are not found to contain a single particle of the precious ores occupying their cracks, a circumstance which has caused much speculation as to the chemical action by natural heat, which may have fused the earth, separating the metals from the minerals, leaving the ore to cool down in immense masses of stone, while the purer substance ran through its ponderous bulk like veins in the human frame. From this is deduced one of the arguments that the earth must at one time have been in a state of fusion, ere the elements were separated, and order brought from chaos. Volcanic agency is also considered as the remnant of this primeval state of things still at work, and that the manufacture of the more precious deposits is thus proceeding continually in the molten regions of the earth's centre, where gold may abound in proportion to its scarcity on the surface.

It is now demonstrated that they used it medicinally,* and that with them a gilded pill was no metaphorical emblem. The chemical knowledge of the priests of Pharaoh enabled them to subdue and manufacture gold in various ways, particularly in burning it and reducing it to powder, a notable instance of which is that of Moses destroying the golden calf. For a long series of years the wise men of Europe doubted the authenticity of the Scripture account of this proceeding, until a French chemist succeeded in effecting it with the aid of natron, which is a native mineral alkali, or carbonate of soda made by nature. This material is found in great quantities in Egypt, which at once removes the only doubt of its being the means by which gold powder was made by the priests, namely, its expence. Natron is also found in several large lakes in Mexico and Columbia,—situations which would almost imply that there exists more than an artificial affinity between it and the most precious of metals.

When the amazing ductility of gold is considered, it may be doubted that it could be broken into pieces, and made perfectly brittle, without any intricate chemical action. If a piece of gold is placed among quicksilver, even for a short time, it will break into pieces on being forcibly struck, so insinuating and effective is the agency of the volatile mineral upon gold. Compare this with the gold-beater's labour upon the metal in a pure state, when a piece an inch square, and of the thickness of paper, can be beaten repeatedly into pieces of a large size, and cut again and again, and then beaten, until it is of the desired thinness. This process is effected by the plates of gold being placed between skins made of the membrane of the *intestinum rectum* of the ox, and being laid on a block of marble, is beaten by polished iron hammers. It is calculated that a particle of gold, weighing a grain, will extend to a surface of fifty square inches, or that every one of these inches of thin material may be cut with a knife into 46,656 square pieces, thus giving from one grain of gold 2,322,800 particles, every one of which is distinctly visible to the eye. To show that the value of gold leaf is chiefly derived from the labour bestowed on its manufacture, and not from the material of which it is composed, it may be stated that a statue on horseback, and its pedestal, may all be covered with gold of the value of a sovereign!

This surprising malleable quality of gold is equalled by its ductility. It may be drawn out in wire to any extent; nay, silver wire, gilt, may be drawn out to an indefinite length, and still retain unbroken its golden colour from the gilding. It is from this latter that gold lace is made, along with silk, and hence may be inferred the small portion of gold in the glittering tissue.

Although gold leaf is so compact that daylight cannot penetrate it, and although it is eight times thinner than the finest tin-foil—although its adhesive qualities are indestructible in wire, and its colour visible in the minutest quantity, yet when manufactured in tangible articles it is necessary to harden it by an alloy of copper or silver, by which its purity is lessened, and its durability ensured. Gold possesses the remarkable facility of fusing with metals of the most diverse composition and value. It will completely amalgamate with quicksilver, and mix with iron, although wholly incapable of rust. It is uninjured by the air, and resists the action of fire, although fusing at a less degree of heat than copper or iron. It is less bright than steel, and incapable of so high a polish as silver, yet the depth and beauty of its colour mark it as the most elegant as well as tasteful material from which to manufacture ornaments.

It may almost be said that gold as such is indestructible—that it cannot be changed in its properties—that however much it may be blended with other metals, mixed with adverse or wearable materials, it may still be brought back to its original purity and weight. The most potent furnace cannot change its metallic properties, nor reduce its amount. The electric fluid, however, will deflagrate it, and change it in an instant to glass. A powerful lens, if applied for a sufficient length of time, aided by a strong sun, will reduce it to carbon. With these two exceptions, in which the electric phenomena participate, gold may be called unchangeable, and considered as the fittest representative of purity, durability, beauty, and wealth—as the most complete and wonderful of all the minerals with which the earth is stored.

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* One of the continental medical Journals lately stated that a physician had discovered a cure for the cancer by applying gold leaf to the part affected.

Alchymy.—The pursuit of alchymy is at an end. Yet surely to alchymy this right is due, that it may truly be compared to the husbandman whereof Æsop makes the fable, that when he died, told his sons he had left unto them a great mass of gold buried under ground in his vineyard, but did not remember the particular place where it was hidden; who when they had with spades turned up all the vineyard, gold indeed they found none; but by reason of their stirring and digging the mould about the roots of their vines, they had a great vintage the year following; so the painful search and stir of alchymists to make gold, hath brought to light a great number of good and fruitful experiments, as well for the disclosing of nature, as the use of man's life.—*Bacon.*

BRITISH PHILOSOPHERS.

NEWTON.

Isaac Newton was born after his father's death at the manor house of Woolsthorpe, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, on Christmas-day, O. S. 1642. He was so little when he was born, that his mother used to say he might have been put into a quart mug, and she expected that he would scarcely survive the first hour of his birth. In consequence of the second marriage of Mrs. Newton, he was, at the age of three years, committed by his surviving parent to the care of his maternal grandmother, by whom he was sent, in 1654, to the grammar-school at Grantham, having previously received the rudiments of education at a day-school at Skillington and at Stoke. Although no particular instances are recorded of the energy of his mind prior to this period, he now began to distinguish himself from other boys by applying himself to occupations in which few of his own age took an interest. He provided himself with a small set of carpenter's tools, and was constantly employed, when out of school, in mechanical contrivances, and in making models of various kinds, in which he appears to have evinced much intelligence and considerable dexterity. It is worthy of remark, that he took great interest in every thing around him that related to the measure of time: he made a wooden clock; drove nails into the walls of the house in which he lodged, in order to ascertain the hours by the passing shadow; made hour-glasses, acting by the descent of water; and a sun-dial, of his own construction, is still to be seen at Woolsthorpe. About the same time he also formed a perfect model of a windmill, of the construction of which he obtained a complete idea by paying a few visits to a mill in the neighbourhood. He likewise displayed considerable skill in drawing, although his knowledge of the art was acquired without the assistance of a master. He filled his room with drawings by his own hand; and the following verses under one of them, a picture of Charles the First, are said to have been his composition, which is the more remarkable, as he is said to have expressed a contempt for poetry:—

> A secret art my soul requires to try
> If prayers can give me what the wars deny;
> Three crowns distinguished here in order do
> Present their objects to my knowing view.
> Earth's crown, thus at my feet I can disdain,
> Which heavy is, and, at the best, but vain;
> But now a crown of thorns I gladly greet,
> Sharp is the crown, but not so sharp as sweet.
> The crown of glory that I yonder see,
> Is full of bliss, and of eternity.

In proof of his early bias towards calculation and philosophical subjects, it is related that he used to measure the force of the wind blowing against him, by observing how much further he could leap in the direction of the wind, or with it blowing on his back, than he could leap the contrary way, or in opposition to the wind. By thus following the bent of his genius, he was generally to be found at the bottom of his class; and it was not until stimulated to exertion by a quarrel with one of his school-fellows, that he put forth powers that afterwards gained him a high position in the school. After a few years, passed at Grantham, Newton, in consequence of the death of his step-father, was recalled to Woolsthorpe, in order that he might take an active part in the management of the estate. The pursuit of farming, however, was too unsuited to his mind to receive from him more than a partial and unwilling attention; and his fondness for mathematical study at length attracting the notice of his uncle, he was, at his recommendation, sent again to school at Grantham, and afterwards to Trinity-college, Cambridge, of which he became a member on the 5th June, 1660.

Here he had the good fortune to gain the approbation and friendship of Dr. Barrow, Lucasian professor of mathematics to the university, under whom he developed such a facility of acquirement, that, it is said, the propositions of Euclid became a mere alphabet in his hands; many of them being immediately understood by him from a mere enunciation of the problem. He soon passed on to the more refined and abstruse geometry of Des Cartes, which he studied with much care and diligence. He, however, in his riper years, expressed his regret to Dr. Pemberton for his "mistake, at the beginning of his mathematical studies, in applying himself to the works of Des Cartes, and other algebraical writers, before he had considered the elements of Euclid with that attention which so excellent a writer deserves." Saunderson's Logic, Kepler's Optics, and Schooten's Miscellanies, were also read, or rather investigated by him; as in each of these works he made, according to his usual practice, numerous marginal notes, containing valuable additions to science. The next book that fell into his hands was Wallis's Arithmetic of Infinites; and, in following up the investigations of that author, in connexion with what had been done by Des Cartes and Pascal, he struck out his famous binomial theorem. The gradations by which he passed on to the immortal discovery of fluxions, can only be understood or appreciated by the mathematical reader, who will have far better sources than a biographical memoir to satisfy his desire of knowledge on the subject. These analytical discoveries he

collected and arranged in a manuscript, entitled "Analysis per Æquationes Numero Terminorum Infinitas," which he completed in 1664; and, in the same year, took the degree of B. A. It is remarkable, that he neither published this important manuscript, nor made its existence known to any one, until four years afterwards, when he was compelled to do so in consequence of a book brought out by Mercator, entitled "Logarithmotechnia." In this work Newton recognised the fundamental idea of his own discovery, and presented his manuscript to Mr. Barrow; who, equally delighted and astonished with the novelty of its matter, communicated the nature of its contents to Collins, a celebrated mathematician of that day. Whilst the work remained in his possession, he, fortunately for the reputation of Newton, took a copy of it, as it will presently be seen that it became a disputed question whether its author was entitled to the honour of being the discoverer of the fluxionary calculus—a discovery of such magnitude, that the most difficult investigations of former mathematicians were henceforth performed with perfect facility; and which, in fact, came upon the man of science like the accession of an additional sense.

He now began to direct his attention more closely to objects of natural philosophy; and, amongst others, to the celebrated phenomena of colours, discovered by Grimaldi. For this purpose, he procured a glass prism, and, exposing it to the reception of the rays of light, was particularly struck with their figure, which, instead of being of an orbicular form, was remarkably elongated. Having satisfied himself, by experiment, that neither the thickness of the glass, nor the hole through which the ray of light was admitted into the room, had any effect in producing this enormous disproportion, he arrived at length at the important discovery, that light is not homogeneous, but is composed of rays of different degrees of refrangibility; and hence was founded his new theory of light and colours. Amidst these speculations, he was forced from Cambridge by the great plague of 1665, when he retired to Woolsthorpe, where he remained two years, devoting himself entirely to philosophic meditations. It was here he received the hint which gave rise to his system of the world. Sitting, one day, in the garden, near a tree, which is still shown, his attention was attracted by the falling of an apple. His active mind immediately began to reflect upon the nature and possible limits of the power by which all bodies are drawn towards the earth's centre. Aware that there was no sensible diminution of this power at the greatest heights which could be attained, he made at once a daring stretch, and said, "Why may it not extend to the moon? and then what more would be necessary to retain her in her orbit about the earth? He further considered that, if the moon really were retained in her orbit by the force of gravity, the planets ought similarly to be retained in their obits about the sun by their gravity towards that body;—but it would be foreign to the object of this memoir to enter into the deep considerations and subtle analysis by which he established this glorious doctrine. Many difficulties at first occurred in the investigation; difficulties which, from the want of books, and the inaccuracy of certain existing data, he was not enabled to surmount until long after he had quitted his retirement at Woolsthorpe.

In the latter part of 1666, he returned to Cambridge, and resumed, with activity, his optical inquiries. Having already concluded that optical instruments might be brought to any required degree of perfection, if a reflecting substance could be found capable of receiving an adequate polish, he accomplished the invention of a new reflecting telescope, which is designated by his name. His time was now almost wholly employed in perfecting his theory of light and colours, which he effected by a most brilliant series of experiments. These were subsequently embodied, without any admixture of hypothesis, in a treatise, which formed the text-book of the lectures, delivered by him on his being appointed to the professorship in the university, which took place in 1669; Dr. Barrow having generously retired, in order to make way for him. In the previous year, he had graduated M.A. He attended to the duties of his professorship with considerable zeal, pursuing, contemporaneously with his optical lectures, further experiments in private, and pushing the science of optics even beyond the extended bounds to which he had himself taken it. On the 11th of January, 1672, he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, his proposer being the Bishop of Sarum; and, two months afterwards, appeard in the Philosophical Transactions, an account of his magnificent discovery of the different refrangibility of the rays of light, which he unostentatiously described as "the oddest, if not the most considerable, detection which had hitherto been made in the operations of nature." It is a remarkable circumstance in the history of so great a man, that, shortly after his election, although two of his great discoveries were completed, he was so poor as to be compelled to apply to the council for a dispensation from the regular contribution to the funds of the Royal Society, which was accordingly granted.

In 1675, Newton received permission, from King Charles the Second, to retain his fellowship without taking orders. He continued, until the year 1676, to furnish a variety of important articles, which were printed in the Philosophical Transactions. The principles laid down in many of them being either disputed by one party, or claimed as the property of another, involved the author of them in several controversies, and particularly in one with Hook, respecting his Theory of Light. The interruption which they occasioned to him in his high pursuits so disgusted him, that he at length declared he would "no more commit himself with the public;" and, in a letter which he afterwards wrote to Leibnitz, he observes, "I was so persecuted with discussions, arising from the publication of my 'Theory of Light,' that I blamed my own imprudence for parting with so substantial a blessing as my quiet to run after a shadow." In the year last mentioned, he explained his invention of infinite series at the request of Leibnitz, who was engaged in similar speculations, and who, about this period, arrived at the same conclusions with the subject of our memoir. The mutual discovery, the priority of which may be fairly assigned to Newton, ultimately led to a virulent and disgraceful controversy between the two philosophers, in which each insisted on the exclusiveness of his claim, and accused the one of borrowing from the other. The dispute was at length referred to the Royal Society, of which Newton was, at the time, president; and an opinion was pronounced unfavourable to Leibnitz. He now directed his attention to subjects bearing more particularly upon his system of the world; and, in the latter part of the year, he investigated the grand proposition, that, by a centripetal force acting reciprocally as the square of the distance, a planet must revolve in an ellipsis about the centre of force placed in its lower focus, and, with a radius drawn to that centre, describe areas proportional to the times.

In 1680, he made several astronomical observations upon the comet which then appeared; and, about the same time, proceeded to continue his inquiries respecting the laws of motion of the primary planets. To pursue his investigation with precision, it was necessary to know the exact measure of the earth's dimensions; but, at that time, no such measure being known sufficiently accurate for so delicate a purpose, Newton's calculations failed in the desired result. Taking advantage, however, of Picard's measurement of the length of a degree, he resumed his old calculation with new data, and finding, as he went on, the tendency of these numbers to produce a result in accordance with his original idea, his feelings became so excited, that he was compelled to request a friend to complete the calculation. The agreement between the computed and observed results was no longer doubtful; and Newton, at length, became the demonstrator of these splendid truths:—"that all the parts of matter gravitate towards one another with a force directly proportional to their masses, and reciprocally proportional to the squares of their mutual distances; that this force retains the planets and the comets round the sun, and the statellites round their primary planets; and that, by the universally communicated influence which it establishes between the material particles of all these bodies, it determines the nature of their orbits, the forms of their masses, the oscillations in the fluids which cover them, and, in fine, their smallest movements, either in space or in rotation, upon their own axes, and all conformably to their actually observed laws." He devoted himself entirely to the development of the consequences flowing from this great discovery, and became so absorbed in these delightful meditations, that it was said of him, "he only lived to calculate and to think."

It is, however, possible, that an account of this magnificent discovery might have been withheld from the world, but for a visit paid by the celebrated Halley to Newton, for the express purpose of consulting him on the same subject, when Newton put into his hands his manuscript treatise. Halley, delighted at finding here the solution he had himself vainly attempted to arrive at, pursuaded Newton, after considerable difficulty, to present it to the Royal Society, at whose expense it was ultimately published, in 1687, under the title of "Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica;" a work of which it has been observed, that "it may be looked upon as the production of a celestial intelligence, rather than that of a man." Highly as the Principia was extolled by a few learned individuals, the work, in consequence of the conciseness and judgment with which it was written, did not, at first, meet with the general applause to which it was entitled; "but," says Fontenelle, "when its worth became sufficiently known, nothing was heard from all quarters but a shout of general admiration." "Does Mr. Newton eat, or drink, or sleep, like other men?" the Marquess de l'Hopital is reported to have said to the English who visited him: "I represent him to myself," he added, "as a celestial genius, entirely disengaged from matter."

In 1687, Newton was chosen one of the delegates sent to King James the Second, to protest against his invasion of certain privileges

of the university, and conducted himself with such firmness and independence on the occasion, that, in the following year, he was elected one of its representatives in the convention parliament, in which he sat till its dissolution. About this time he became acquainted with the Earl of Halifax, who, in 1696, appointed him warden of the Mint, in which situation he rendered signal service to the nation. In 1699, he was elected master of the Mint, and a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris; and, in the same year, he appointed Mr. Whiston his deputy in the mathematical professorship at Cambridge.

In 1701, he was again returned to parliament for the university; and, in 1703, on becoming president of the Royal Society, he resigned his professorship altogether. It may be inquired how it was that Newton, whose penetration was so acute, and whose perseverance so remarkable, never made any important addition to science after he was forty-five years old, although he lived to the great age of eighty-four. The fact, according to Biot, Newton's biographer in the "Biographie Universelle," may be accounted for by the melancholy circumstance, that, about the meridian of his life, he became, for awhile, deranged in his intellect. If this were so, it is not difficult to conceive that the mighty movements of so powerful a mind becoming thus obstructed, would never return to their former vigorous action. The origin of this calamity is thus stated:—He had a favourite little dog, called Diamond. One morning, while attending early service, he inadvertently left this dog shut up in his room, and on returning from chapel, he found that the animal, by upsetting a taper on his desk, had set fire to the papers which contained the whole of his unpublished experiments, and thus he saw before him the labours of many years reduced to ashes. It is said, that on first perceiving this great loss, he contented himself by exclaiming, "Oh! Diamond, Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done." This fact occurred in the year 1692, and has been mentioned by all his biographers; but whether it was followed by aberration of intellect on the part of Newton is doubtful, and Dr. Brewster refutes the notion of Biot on the subject. There is, however, said to be still existing at Cambridge, a manuscript, dated February the 3d, 1692, in which, after the relations of the papers being set fire to, it is stated, that "when Mr. Newton came from chapel, and had seen what was done, every one thought he would have run mad; he was so troubled thereat, that he was not himself for a month after."

In 1704, he published his "Optics, or a Treatise on the Reflexions, Refractions, Inflexions, and Colours of Light," which passed through many editions, and was translated into a variety of languages. Yet it was not till a few years since, that the full merit of this extraordinary work began to be appreciated. Others before him had given distant hints concerning infinite series and fluxions, and the power and rule of gravity in preserving the solar system; but he was absolutely the first person who conceived the idea, and engaged in the subtle and delicate study of the anatomy of light; who dissected a ray into its primary constituent particles, which then admitted of no further separation; who discovered the different refrangibility of the particles thus separated, and that these constituent rays had each its own colour inherent in it; that rays falling in the same angle of incidence, have alternate fits of refraction and reflexion; that bodies are rendered transparent by the minuteness of their pores, and become opaque by having them large; and that the most transparent body, by having a great thinness, will become less pervious to the light.

In 1705, he was knighted by Queen Anne; and, in 1707, appeared his algebraical lectures, published, with the permission of Newton, by Dr. Whiston, under the title of "Arithmetica Universalis," &c. They were succeeded, in 1711, by his "Methodus Differentialis," and his "Analysis per Equationes Numero Terminorum Infinitas." On the accession of George the First, he was in high repute at court, and became a great favourite with the Princess of Wales (afterwards consort of George the Second), who took great delight in his society. At her request, he drew up an abstract of a treatise on "Ancient Chronology," which first appeared in France, but was eventually published in England.

In 1715, Leibnitz, who still entertained a rancorous jealousy of the fame of Newton, endeavoured to foil his mathematical skill, by proposing to him the famous problem of the Trajectories, which he solved on the same evening he had received it, though he had been much fatigued by business at the Mint in the early part of the day. The latter years of his life were attended with much suffering, produced by a calculous disease, of which he died, on the 20th of March, 1727, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was buried with great magnificence in Westminster Abbey, the pall being supported by the lord-high-chancellor, the Dukes of Roxburgh and Montrose, and the Earls of Pembroke, Suffolk, and Macclesfield. A monument was erected to him in the Abbey, and his statue, by

Roubilliac, has been placed in the college of which he was a member, at Cambridge. He left property to the amount of about thirty thousand pounds, which, as he made no will, was divided amongst his legal heirs. "In Newton," says the historian Hume, "this island may boast of having produced the greatest and rarest genius that ever arose for the ornament and instruction of the species in philosophical, astronomical, and mathematical knowledge; cautious in admitting no principles but such as were founded on experiment, but resolute to adopt every such principle, however new or unusual; from modesty, ignorant of his superiority above the rest of mankind; and thence, less careful to accommodate his reasonings to common apprehensions, more anxious to merit than acquire fame." His moral character was upon a par with his intellectual one: of a meek and gentle disposition, he possessed a temper which few accidents could disturb; and, with the exception of his quarrel with Leibnitz, he appeared disposed rather to sacrifice the fame which he could at all times command, than to have the calm of life ruffled by the pretensions and bickerings of inferior mortals. Numerous instances are recorded of his generosity and liberality, particularly towards his relations, during his life, it being a maxim with him that "a legacy is no gift." When Dr. Samuel Clarke completed his Latin edition of Newton's Optics, he presented each of the editor's five children with one hundred pounds; and when Maclaurin was in expectation of the mathematical professorship of the Edinburgh university, he made an offer of twenty pounds a year towards his support, till the office became vacant, and he should be appointed to it. When, in the exercise of his public functions, there was occasion for show, he was magnificent without complaining of the expense; but, on all other occasions, he pursued the strictest economy. Both in the ordinary intercourse of social life, and in his more general communications with society, there was nothing in his manners to distinguish him from other men. It is, however, a peculiar feature in the character of one so perfectly unostentatious, that he should have been very anxious to trace an honourable descent for himself, and actually wrote to a Sir John Newton, in Scotland, in the hope of being acknowledged by him as a relation. But whilst he was thus solicitous about the successive elaborations of matter which had produced his body, nothing could exceed the modesty with which he, at all times, spoke of his intellectual efforts. "I do not know," said he, "what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell, than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." During the last ten years of his life, he would reply, when consulted about any passage in his works, "Ask Mr. De Moivre; he knows better than I do." With respect to his religious sentiments, he was a firm believer in Divine revelation, and employed his discoveries concerning the frame and system of the universe, to demonstrate, against atheism of all kinds, the being, wisdom, and power of a God. It is said of him, that when he had any mathematical problems or solutions in his mind, he would never quit the subject on any account. Whilst getting up in a morning, he would sometimes sit down on his bed, with one leg in his breeches, and remain there for hours before he had got all his clothes on. Upon this temporary abstraction was probably founded the story of his sitting, on one occasion, so near a large fire, that he was nearly roasted; and that, when the intense heat brought him back to his personal identity, he rang for the servant to put out the fire, by whom he was respectfully reminded that the same purpose might be answered if he removed his chair a little from the grate. "Ay," said Newton, "so it will."

To the time of his last illness, he had upon his countenance the bloom, colour, and cheerfulness of youth. His sight was so good, that he never resorted to spectacles; and he never lost but one tooth in his life. To sum up our account of Newton, it may be said of him, that if all the philosophers that ever lived were divided into two classes, all but himself would be one, and he the other; nor did Pope ever more happily combine poetry with truth, than when he said,—

> Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
> God said, "Let Newton be," and all was light.

LONDON REMINISCENCES.

THE NEW MORAL WORLD—*continued.*

It is one of the characteristics of a thoroughgoing socialist to be unmoved by any of those trifles which agitate the public mind,—such as parliamentary reform, the poor-laws, the corn-laws, the new tariff, or the income tax. The socialist who is solicitous on any of these subjects, is but half-blood, for his philosophy teaches that the present order of society is altogether on a wrong basis, and that it is as little worth repairing as cracked or broken crockery-ware. All philosophers, however, have their weak parts, and wise men their

follies. It is also the quality of some minds to think warmly and hurriedly, but to speak coolly and deliberately; and thus it is with a genuine socialist; he is calm and collected in his conversational reasoning, which he considers a set-off against the hurry with which he has adopted, and the enthusiasm with which he adheres to, the articles of his new creed.

Of all living beings, I have never observed one possessed of more external placidity than the creator of the New Moral World, nor one more troubled with enthusiastic vagaries. So passionate an admirer had he become of his own rustic town parallelograms, and so convinced of the demoralizing influence of large towns, that some ten or twelve years ago, he had devoted London to speedy destruction. As the period for the fulfilment of this prophetic denunciation is now expiring,—and London is as big and swaggering as ever, in fact is getting more so every day,—I have in vain attempted to expound the riddle. The seeming failure of this prediction I must attribute to my own misconception of his oraculur ejaculations,—certainly not to the intoxicating potations of frigid philosophic socialism. Perhaps it may be that as the socialist thinks and recognises only moral existences, and as all his ideas are of this elevated and abstract order, he may be unable to perceive the moral, though he would fain deny the physical and material existence of London. Aye, and a very material, existence it seems likely to maintain in the world for ages to come.

At the conclusion of the preceding paper I had promised to explain the associating idea between socialism and London. First, I might have pleaded that it was in London that I first became acquainted with this strange personage; but if my readers had been scared by the annunciation of the foregoing prediction, they would, in their cooler moments, have thought it a very memorable and quaint association to have heard such a little giant threaten to put London in his breeches pocket.

Give a boy a tobacco-pipe, and a bowl of soap and water, and he will blow a bladder as big as his head. Give a philosopher, not soapsuds, but a mixture of hope and credulity, and he will form a bubble too large for the world to contain; give him a little wonder, and he will think it as substantial as it is superficial; but were some thoughtless buzzing fly to clip it with its wings, or to whisk by it too rudely, it would

> "Vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> And leave not a wreck behind."

Formerly, when the blower of a political or philosophical bubble saw it about to burst, he would retire from the confusion that it caused. But our modern experimenter is too resolute in his purpose, and too sanguine of success, to be damped by past failures; and having inflated his bubble with the refined spirits of hope, he is just in the act of letting it off, to the bewonderment of his gazing disciples, who are quivering on the tip-toe of expectation.

The new-blown bubble will, probably, like all others, skim about for a short time, and then burst from its own tenuity. Meanwhile, let me ask, what has been the fate of the Lanark, American, and co-operation bubbles? Where now are those gigantic edifices, founded upon truth, built up by reason, and cemented by common interest? They crumbled, they fell,—and their very ruins, as if caught up by the winds of heaven, are not even left to point out the place where these monuments of human folly once stood. Experience may be the fool's school, but many a wise man might learn a lesson there.

But if, forgetful of the past, and blind to the future, another experiment must be made, why not make it in some unsettled part of the world,—in Australia, America, or New Zealand,—which possess such exclusive advantages for political carpenters or cobblers. If socialism *has* reached the acme of perfection,—if it *is* self-existent and independent, and can stand on its own legs,—if it *is* able to support itself without leaning upon any of the existing institutions or conditions of old society, why does it so willingly submit to the numerous inconveniences and pecuniary difficulties which it has experienced in attempting to establish itself in this country, while so great a part of the uninhabited world is at its command, free from all these difficulties? Why lay out such enormous sums of money for the purchase of land in this country—the outlay for which had last year brought the society to the verge of bankruptcy—while millions of acres of more fertile soils may be obtained in New Zealand or America almost for nothing? Oh, sirs! socialism is remarkably firm in the legs, and *could* walk alone, *if* it wanted, but it is much more prudent for it to stop at home, where it can lay hold of the chairs and tables when it finds itself beginning to stumble.

It is already familiar to my readers that socialism is to be reared upon the site of disinterestedness, and that the selfish doctrines of Hume, Hobbes, and a long roll of by-gone philosophers—as well as the vulgar notion that each man cares more for himself than for a stranger—are to be excavated, and removed like so much rubbish. Socialists, indeed, boast of having penetrated to the primitive strata of disinterestedness. Where this strata is to be

found is one of the mysteries of this fraternity —for with the infinity of my inquiries and researches, aided by no small share of metaphysical-geological knowledge,—so far from having learned its position, I have not been able to discover its existence. At all events, thus much is certain, that it has never been upheaved to the surface, or it would have been seen by superficial observers.—To quit the unknown, and speak of the known, I may add that, for the last thirty years these arduous philosophers have continued their pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, and that, hoping to discover the expected strata, they have bored the earth through and through, until it hath become so great a bore, that astonished folks on both sides of the world can see through it and its emptiness.

The inhabitants of the New Moral World will consist of the choicest spirits—the most disinterested milk-hearted beings, rescued from the ruins of old society.——But, by the bye, there is no inquiry into the moral qualities of any who enlist into the ranks of socialism, nor is any phrenologist, physiognomist, or metaphysician, appointed to examine into the moral health of the recruit. But let it pass; we must not criticise too severely.——The New Moral World, I repeat, will consist of the choicest and kindliest spirits that are free from the vitiating influences of old society; and in the arrangement of the social communities, care will be taken to maintain a unity of interests among their several members. Neither shall there be any rivalry or competition, commerce or intercourse between any of these communities; for if trading were allowed, each would be tempted *(non-obstante)* to sell to the highest bidder, and to buy at the cheapest market; and this competition, the bane of society, would infuse into these bodies the bitterest spirit of commercial antagonism. But all these evils are averted by a masterly slap-dash—by isolating each community, and confining it within the scanty limits of a few acres of land—thereby rendering the lives of the integral inhabitants dependent upon the productions of its own little detached morsel of land, and upon the fickleness of the seasons. It is true that, under this arrangement, some half-dozen communities may be annually exterminated by famine, but this will be compensated by others having twice as much as they want!

It is well known how varied are the natural riches and capabilities of our native country. In some parts we find large tracts of land remarkable for their fertility, others for the poverty of their soil,—the rich alluvial spots affording the most luxuriant crops, while the chalky or gravelly moors scarcely yield support to the few sheep that are found straggling over their extensive surface. Some parts of the country contain the most valuable clay and gravel pits, stone quarries, and coal and iron mines, while other lands are enlivened and invigorated and enriched by capacious rivers, containing fish enough for the support of thousands of the human family. In short, let any one for a moment glance at a geological map, and he will perceive how localized are the various riches of our native land. Is not this enough to do away with the capital blunder of attempting to confine men to the unvarying productions of a few acres of ground, and to preclude them from participating in the natural and acquired riches of their own isle, as as well as those to be obtained from an extended intercourse with foreign nations? Does not this distribution of the gifts of nature show the wise and comprehensive design of Providence, in uniting together all the members of the human race, so that, by commercial intercourse, having for its object the supply of their mutual wants, they may be brought closer together, and become interested in each other's welfare? "But no," says the unsocial spirit of socialism, "this little spot called England shall be divided into a thousand selfish independent fractions, between which there shall exist no common interest, no common sympathy." Let the socialist have his own way, and, in course of time, England would be decimated, not into a heptarchy, but into a chillarchy, each of which would be absorbed in the pursuit of its own exclusive petty interests. Perhaps this decimating notion may have been derived from careful analogical reasoning; and the object of analogy seems to have been those polypi which may be cut up to pieces, and each piece will become a separate animal, in all respects as perfect as the creature of which it once formed but a part. But if Mr. Owen were able to destroy the general arrangements of society, and to break up the present social union, he would find that each of these decimals, instead of starting up in its own individuality and perfection, would expire under the operation, or at best preserve a tame and insipid existence.

If I may have spoken slightingly of the small quantum of personal liberty allowed to the people of the New Moral World, or expressed an opinion that it would be felt rather irksome, and a constraint upon freedom of action, not to wander out of one's own parallelogram—— But before proceeding further it is necessary to explain the philosophy of compensations, otherwise we shall not be able to recognise the equity which pervades and governs the New Moral World. This compensative philosophy is seen in under-paying the skilful and indus-

trious workman, and over-paying the stupid and indolent—in starving some communities, and over-feeding others to repletion—in the restraint upon personal liberty without the walls of the community, and the unbridled liberty permitted within. These instances may suffice to illustrate the principle, and will recall many others to the mind of the attentive reader. Surely, there is no candid soul who, in spite of all his old world prejudices, can fail to admire the simplicity and originality of design displayed in the construction of this philosophical see-saw.

To resume:—This restraint upon personal liberty, in not being allowed to quit the purlieus of one's own parallelogram, is compensated by the perfect liberty and unbounded happiness which the sons of freedom enjoy within the walls of their native community—the liberty which every man possesses of discarding his wife if he should not love her, and the happiness of getting one that will please his fancy. I have already adverted to this subject, but anxious for the domestic bliss of the old world, I must further glance at some of the evils removed, and blessings secured, by the relaxation, or rather removal, of marriage knots and fetters in the New Moral World. Here the cry is, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, and laugh to scorn the conventional morality of the old world." Here the matrimonial bond, "for better or for worse," cannot mar the happiness of these children of liberty. Oh, wives de facto, and maids expectant, tremble while ye see tottering the proud tyranny with which ye have ruled over our manly minds. Tremble, for Owen hath sounded his fierce blast against the regimen of women! And now, too, ye cowed cuckolds, lift up your heads, and once more take your stand amongst the ranks of free men. And ye matrimonial sans-culottes, who are only laughed at for your nakedness, come to the New Moral World, where *second-hand* breeches may be had in abundance, and where ye shall be received with condolence most piteous!

The happiness of mankind is the professed object in rejecting the marriage bond. It is said, and said truly,—and this is the great stumbling-block of Socialism,—that the inviolability of the marriage contract is often the cause of rendering wretched two beings who would be much happier if the union were dissolved, and if they were allowed to seek the alliance of spirits more genial to their own; therefore, argues the Socialist, marriage should not be a lasting contract. I grant the premises, to the very letter, but dispute the reasoning; and I think I shall be able to show that the philosophy of compensations is again at fault in introducing a constant universal evil for an occasional individual good.

Except in cases of high moral endowment, it is impossible to calculate the degree of mischief which this measure would introduce into the domestic circle. The wife, degraded, and fearful of being cast off, could no longer maintain her proper independent position, but would appear as humble as the Egyptian and Esquimaux vassal-wives; or on the other hand, suspicious of her husband's attachment, she would become an intriguer, and then, having prepared for, she would hasten, the period of her separation. The husband, on his part, would naturally conceive that as he is not legally, so neither is he morally, bound to preserve the alliance longer than it suits his convenience, or until some more pleasing object shall cross his path, and tempt his fidelity. Suspicion begets suspicion, and they twain whom God had pronounced to be one flesh would become aliens to each other, and have their own separate interests to study. God forbid that I should insinuate that there are not many cases of high moral feeling and devoted attachment which would be proof against any legal relaxation of the marriage contract; but I do assert, that this laxity would offer too great a temptation to minds of an inferior moral power, in whom otherwise prudence would have cherished, and habit have strengthened, a lasting attachment to the objects of their early affection.

In the name of morality,—in the name of my intelligent and virtuous countrymen, I reject your marriage, your concubinage laws, as alike degrading and detestable. Pause ere you thus rudely break down the fences of morality. Let woman's weakness be her strongest protection. Seek rather her advancement and elevation. Lower her in the scale of society, and you make her a mere drudge, a household slave,—the scorn and derision of the children whom she has suckled.

In the name of common sense, of virtue, of religion, I reject your community economy, your marriage ordinances, your atheistical heathenism, and your whole system of socialism, as inimical to the moral and intellectual advancement of mankind,—and as a wretched substitute indeed for the present laws and institutions of society, with all its evils and inconveniences. You may have observed, as every body else has, evils of great magnitude in the present arrangements of society, but yours is a remedy that would only aggravate them. You may mean well, but the political economy of the New Moral World is contemptible, its morals disgusting. Let your new community at Hampshire go as a bequest

to the meritorious poor, and endow it with your society stock, as a compensation for your propagation of doctrines which would have been more dangerous to society if they had been less pitiful. By this means you will erect a monument to your own benevolence, and confer some benefit upon a portion of your fellow creatures, instead of exciting your hopes, losing your time, and expending your money in the pursuit of what you can never obtain—or which, if gained, would not better your social condition, but yield you only the bitterest disappointment and vexation.

FEMALE BEAUTY AND ORNAMENT.

The ladies in Japan gild their teeth; and those of the Indians paint them red. The pearl of teeth must be died black to be beautiful in Guzurat. In Greenland the ladies colour their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as those of the she-goat, and to render them thus their youth is passed in tortures. In ancient Persia an aqui ine nose was often thought worthy of the crown; and if there was any competition between two princes, the people generally went by this criterion of Majesty. In some countries the mothers break the noses of their children; and in others press the head between two boards, that it may become square. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. The female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover, not silks or wreaths of flowers, but warm guts and reeking tripe, to dress herself with enviable ornaments.

In China small round eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows that they may be thin and long. The Turkish women dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eyebrows. It is too visible by day, but looks shining by night; they tinge their nails with a rose colour. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. The Emperor of Monomotapa would not change his amiable negress for the most beautiful European beauty.

An ornament for the nose appears to us perfectly unnecessary. The Peruvians, however, think otherwise; and they hang on it a weighty ring, the thickness of which is proportioned by the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in several nations. Through the perforation are hung various materials,—gold, stones, a single and sometimes a great number of gold rings.

The female head-dress is carried in some countries to singular extravagance. The Chinese fair carries on her head the figure of a certain bird. This bird is composed of copper, or of gold, according to the quality of the person, the wings of which spread out, fall over the front of the head-dress, and conceal the temple. The tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the nose; the neck is fastened to the body of the artificial animal by a spring, that it may the more freely play and tremble at the slightest motion.

The extravagance of the Myaulses is far more ridiculous than the above. They carry on their heads a slight board, rather longer than a foot, and about six inches broad; with this they cover their hair and seal it with wax. They cannot lie down, nor lean, without keeping the neck straight, and the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dress entangled in the trees. Whenever they comb their hair, they pass an hour by the fire in melting the wax; but this combing is performed only once or twice a year.

The inhabitants of the land of Natal wear caps, or bonnets, from six to ten inches high, composed of the fat of oxen. They then gradually anoint the head with a purer grease, which, mixing with the hair, fastens these bonnets for their lives.

In Circassia, Georgia, and Hindostan, it is one of the first objects of a mother's care to promote the growth of her children's eye-lashes. Hair left to itself seldom grows long, but either splits at the top into two or more forks, or becomes smaller and smaller till it ends in a fine gossamer-like point. When it does so, it never grows any longer, but remains stationary. The Circassian method of treating the eye-lashes is founded on this principle. The careful mother removes, with a pair of scissors, the forked and gossamer-like points (not more) of the eye-lashes, and every time this is done their growth is renewed, and they become long, close, finely curved, and of a silky gloss. This operation of tipping may be repeated every month or six weeks. The eye-lashes of infants and children are best tipped when they are asleep. Ladies may, with a little care, do the office for themselves. This secret must be invaluable to those whose eye-lashes have been thinned and dwarfed, as often occurs from inflammation of the eyes.

Original Poetry.

SONNET,

ON HEARING DOLIER'S EUPHONIAN,—AN INGENIOUS IMPROVEMENT ON THE GUIMBARD, OR GERMAN JEW HARP.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON,

(Author of "*A Voice from the Town*," &c)

Is it a sound from far-off fairy land,
That comes in gentle murmurings on mine ear,
Like tones from harp that, swept by fay's light hand,
Sends forth its tinkling music, sweet and clear?
Methinks I see, beneath the moon-beams bright,
A shadowy troop of wild and tiny things
Holding their revels 'mid the reign of night,
And tripping lightly, in their mystic rings,
To the rich melody which floats around—
But all hath fled—all, save the music's sound,
Which o'er my spirit still its magic flings,
And wraps my senses in a bliss profound:
Piercing and shrill the silvery notes arise,
Then fades each tone, and in soft cadence dies.

JUNE.

Why weep ye not? Why weep not I?
Hath not the young May fled too soon?
We cannot so,—one requiem sigh
Were treason to the living June.
I would in truth
That such sad ruth
Your dole and mine for ever were,
But blest with such a comforter.

Danced the young May to a roundelay,
O'er April's vivid virgin green;
And there sprang beneath her lightsome way,
Field-stars and the hawthorn's snowy sheen;
But sweet June time
Is the year's best prime,
Blithe yet, but *deeper*, like the age
'Twixt girlhood and sober matronage.

Down from above, a spirit of love,
All garbed in sunny woof, doth fall,
And meadow-wold and ancient grove
Hold high fantastic carnival.
Soft flutterings
Of leaves and wings
Bedown the hymn of sunlit notes
Which through the ardent welkin floats.

And the souls of all flowers are unwound the while,
By the rich, warm haste of eloquence;
And each sends up its breath and smile
All wreathed and tangled to the sense;
The maiden rose
Doth her heart unclose,
Aye blushing deep for the south wind's kiss,
Which maketh him aye repeat the bliss.

June smileth at even, as if she knew
That beautiful dreams light Beauty's sleeping;
But she weareth at dawn her pensive dew,
Like one o'erta'en in secret weeping,
Whose sad surprise
Forgat disguise—
Ah me! even bliss itself hath here
A need sometimes to hide a tear!

Yet sorrow sways not the night of June,
But somewhat of a blissful sadness;
Earth drinketh in the holy moon,
To ease with love day's aching gladness;
And each flower doth seem
To wear its dream,
There visibly effused upon its breast,
In liquid light, all trembling with unrest!
O God! to thee this proud array
Is but the mien of humble duty!
Earth's reverent love would fain display
Thy smile reflected back in beauty!
And the human heart
Hath *its* still part,
A sacrifice of deep emotion,
To swell a throbbing world's devotion!

Ashton. J. M.

EMULATION EXTINGUISHED BY PERFECTION.—Perhaps it may not be for the advantage of any nation to have the arts imported from their neighbour in too great perfection. This extinguishes emulation, and sinks the ardour of the generous youth. So many models of Italian painting brought into England, instead of exciting our artists, is the cause of their small progress in that noble art. The same, perhaps, was the case with Rome, when it received the arts from Greece.—*Hume's Essays.*

JUSTICE A DEAR COMMODITY.—"Whatever you do," said Lord Chief Justice Willes to a friend, who wished to consult him on some law matter;—"whatever you do, never go to law,—submit rather to almost any imposition; bear any oppression, rather than exhaust your spirits and your pockets, in what is called a court of justice."—It is almost proverbial, that of all English commodities, justice is by far the dearest; and it is well known that lawyers seldom go to law themselves.

Wisely has it been said, that he who would go to law, must have a *good* cause, a *good* purse, a *good* attorney, a *good* advocate, *good* evidence, and a *good* judge and jury—and having all these *goods*, unless he has *good luck*, he will stand but a *bad* chance of success.—*Trusler's Memoirs.*

HUGO ARNOT.—This very acute metaphysician—*acute*, as somebody remarked, since he resembled a *needle* more than any thing else—published a small work under the title of "An Essay on Nothing." He remarks in it, with ingenious sarcasm, that "the tree of knowledge might have been *safely intrusted to the present generation.*"

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